Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old grieefe:
Sike queſtion ripeth vp cauſe of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous ſmart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe ſithence I ſawe thy head laſt,
Thrife three Moones bene fully ſpent and paſt:
Since when thou haſt meaſured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flocks eſtate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wailed, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor ſhepehearde more.
In forrein coſtes, men ſayd, was plentye:
And ſo there is, but all of miſerye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for thoſe, that truely mene,
But for ſuch, as of guile maken gayne,
No ſuch countrye, as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his ſheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carue the ſhepheards throte.
The ſhepheards ſwayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,

And beaten the cragge ſo ſtiffe and ſ
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing c

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am ſo ſtiffe, and ſo ſtanck
That vneth may I ſtand any more:
And nowe the Weſterne wind blow
That nowe is in his chiefe ſouereigu
Beating the withered leafe from the
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill
And make a mocke at the bluſtring
Now ſay on Diggon, what euer tho

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curſe the ſtoun
That euer I caſt to haue lorne this
Wel-away the while I was ſo fond
To leaue the good, that I had in ha
In hope of better, that was vncouth
So loſt the Dogge the fleſh in his m
My ſeely ſheepe (ah ſeely ſheepe)
That here by there I whilome vſd t
All were they luſtye, as thou didſt ſe
Bene all ſterued with pyne and pen
Hardly my ſelfe eſcaped thilke payn
Driuen for neede to come home ags

Hobbinoll,

Ah ſon, now by thy loſſe art taught,
That ſeldome chaunge the better b
Content who liues with tryed ſtate
Neede feare no chaunge of frowni
But who will ſeeke for vnknowne g
Oft liues by loſſe, and leaues with

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewi
With bayne deſyre, and hope to be
But ſicker ſo it is, as the bright ſta
Seemeth ay greater, when it is ta